

Breathe Underwater

by Symphony Of Death

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Summary: It's like trying to breathe underwater. The only difference, probably, is that water does not wrap it's hands around your fucking throat like I'm doing, mmh?

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So, this is a short story that I decided to write for the simple fact that I've wanted to do something Kingdom Hearts related for a while. I've been stuck on my other story for a while, and I'm starting to run out of ideas. So perhaps this will open up my imagination and let it run again.****

It's about Vanitas, one of my favorite characters and a very well-written character in general for such a short game, and sadly not many people seem to like him a whole lot.****

One-Shot, It's a what-if situation regarding Ven and Vanitas, in the latter's POV.****

I do not own Ventus, Vanitas, or anything else except the story. Kingdom Hearts belongs to Square Enix.****

O-O_O-O

I had a dream, once.

Not sure about when that happened. The days flow by in such a way that they blur together, making it impossible to tell them apart, once they've passed. When did I stumble upon that town filled with talking animals? Was it last week? Last month? I can't tell.

How I managed it also isn't clear. Sleep is not something that usually fits into my schedule. Between the days filled with training

sessions, and nights infused with painful feelings, roaming either inside my head or around my bed, sleep is not a thing that comes easily.

Not being human also helps keeping the sleep away. It's not a necessity, like many things.

Nonetheless, I did manage to fall asleep a couple of times. Most of this times didn't end well for whoever was near me. Being haunted by nightmares brought my own anger and fear into stirring. And when feelings stir into existence, so do monsters.

But I remember one time in particular.

No nightmares that night. No fear, no feelings. Just an oddly calming feeling.

At first it was like being underwater. I couldn't move, and it felt as if I was getting dragged deeper and deeper inside the dark liquid, hope of emerging getting smaller along with the supply of air in my lungs. Once the latter was basically gone, I did the only thing that my panicked mind thought it would be best. I opened my mouth, screaming for someone, anyone.

It was at that point that I realized that I could breathe just fine, the "water" in which I was suspended allowing it somehow. At that time I hadn't realized the fact that it wasn't real, so my brain was telling me that trying to breathe underwater was simply absurd. Needless to say I was quite shocked when I had no problems managing it.

At the same time the "ocean floor", let's call it that, was getting closer. My instincts made me twist around, landing safely on the unknown surface.

Looking around, the dream became more weird than before. It wasn't the ocean floor that I was standing on. It was some sort of pillar, in the middle of absolutely nothing. It rose from below, it's real high unknown since it came out of absolute and complete darkness. The pillar itself was impressive in it's width.

But there was something very wrong with it. The surface on which I was standing upon was completely black, no traces of light. It was almost impossible to tell the impressive monument apart from the dark world in which I had fallen in. The most worrying part was, however, the pillar itself. It should've been round in shape, judging by the appearances. But a big chunk of it was missing, as if it had been torn apart by some force that was never supposed to penetrate this somehow sacred place.

I then remember hearing some voices. One warm, relatively welcoming. The other vaguely familiar. Both of them sounded very far away, however. As if lost in this immense sea of nothingness. Or perhaps, I was the lost one?

Then, I remember warmth. And light. Way too much light. It engulfed me and all of my surroundings, blocking my vision and forcing me to cover my eyes with my hands to prevent blindness. And then, as suddenly as it had appeared, it was gone. And it left me there where I stood before.

And, at first glance, that light seemed to have fixed everything. The pillar was intact once more, circular again and decorated with colorful glass both around, and on the top where I stood. On the top glass right beneath my feet, an image of myself was represented.

But, as I said, this was at first glance. Observing closely, it was obvious that there was something wrong with the glass decorating the structure. I'm sure it was supposed to be bright and vibrant, but instead it was dark. Clouded. Tainted with something that shouldn't be there. And then I realized.

It was tainted by me. Well, the "me" represented on said glass, similar to the real me in every single way except for a face that was not my own, so not _human_, with pale skin and hair black as ink, going in every direction. And it looked _wrong._ Like I wasn't supposed to be there. Or, at least, not alone. The image was to the side, Keyblade in hand and eyes closed. On the other side, however, there was a blank spot. It wasn't white, or anything like that. It was decorated like the rest of the pillar, in dark violets and purples. But still, it was as if there should've been something there.

And then I woke up, panting and strangely reinvigorated, with my "Master" giving me a strange look. Apparently the face of the "me" in the dream had decided to follow the real me out here as well. Gone was the dark face of a Heartless, red eyes and void expressions. Instead, a normal human was staring back at me when I glanced into a mirror later on, same jet black hair erupting from his head, glaring eyes of a molten gold.

I sigh, getting on my feet from where I was resting on one of the various pipes in Radiant Garden, watching two inhabitants of said word argue with one another. A blue haired boy and another that had vibrant red hair. Seems like the blue one is trying to stop the other from doing something he would apparently regret. Redhead, however, seems kind of dumb.

While I'm busy debating if I should drop down there and scar them for life or simply go around causing some other kind of havoc, I hear Xehanort's voice in my mind.

«I have sent Terra against Eraqus.» The old voice boomed from everywhere and nowhere in particular inside my head. «Go. Make sure that Ventus fights you. Forge the X-Blade!» The voice booms once more, before fading away slowly. I roll my eyes behind my helmet slowly, before opening a Corridor Of Darkness and disappearing inside of it, almost knowing where to head to. If Terra and Aqua ended up there, why shouldn't Ventus?

****X-X-X-X****

«There, you're gonna see me choke the life out of Terra and Aqua. Then we'll see how long you play the pacifist.»

It's times like these when I'm glad for a helmet. I couldn't help but give a wide grin as Ventus' eyes first become amusingly wide, and then narrow in an attempt to glare at me.

“Stay away from them! They did nothing wrong to you!”

I really am glad for a helmet. “Maybe they didn't. But someone has to pay for the damage caused by another.”

“What are you talking about?!” The puzzled expression, along with the slight tremble in Ventus' stance, is making my insides stir. Be it from anger at his ignorance or mere hilarity at his stupidity. I laugh, and the blond jumps back in surprise, hand going behind his back but still not daring to summon his weapon.

“Some friend you are.” I laugh again at the angered glare that he, again, sends my way. “You have no one to blame for the fate of your "friends" except yourself.” It's clear that he wants to inquire me further, but I have really no interest in him now. A Corridor of Darkness opens right below me, half enveloping my persona in darkness. “The Keyblade Graveyard, Ventus. Don't be late.” And then I'm gone again, travelling towards yet another world, the blonde's horrified expression the last thing I see.

****X-X-X-X****

Standing on what's left of the castle in the Land Of Departure I sigh, running a hand through my hair as the strong wind hits my face, forcing me to narrow my eyes in order to protect them from the threat of dust. Visor gone for the time being, I can breathe a little bit better. No sense in choking inside that thing just to hide my face if there's no one to see me anyways, right?

This world is a mess. My "Master" did a number to this place. The once bright, clear blue sky is now covered by grey clouds, the soft breeze that used to relax the inhabitants of this castle now transformed into strong, cold gusts that threaten to freeze the very blood inside you veins.

Funny. This once bright, warm and happy place served as home for Ventus and his friends. But now that it's cold andâ€¦ dead, there's just me here. Oddly fitting.

I sigh again, before lowering myself even further and lying on the cold surface, instead of simply sitting on it. I have no intention to stand in that barren world where countless Keyblades are resting, boring myself to death and hearing the nonsensical junk that Xehanort has a habit of spilling out. I'm sure he'll call me as soon as he is ready to move on with his plan.

So I rest. And the best place to do so is this. The other are way too bright, way too loud, or way too filled with idiots. At least there's no one here. And even when people lived here, it was still as tranquil.

Makes me wonder. What would've been like? If I had been the one living here, and Ventus had stayed with Xehanort. What would've had happened, then?

No time to think about it, as I hear an all too familiar sound, visor materializing and covering my face in an instant. Peering over the edge, I immediately scowl. Down there, in front of the remains of the enormous castle, Ventus' armor is slowly disappearing.

What's he doing here? Didn't he hear me when I threatened his friends? Judging by how he had reacted when I had insulted the brunet brute, I expected him to go there straight away.

Well, since he's here, let's have some fun, shall we? Maybe there's no need of the elaborated plan that Xehanort intends to use, after all. I might even be able to forge the X-Blade here and now.

X-X_X-X

Music to my ears.

Â«You had it too, didn't you? A dream, a light, a revelation? You did, didn't you?Â» My growing smirk goes unnoticed, visor saving me once more from betraying my emotions. Â«Wasn't it strange? Realizing that something didn't quite feel right and yet, not being able to grasp it in it's fullest?Â»

I laugh out loud, slowly and mockingly, as Ventus stares at me with horrified eyes.

Â«So, could you feel them? Tendrils of madness and darkness wrapping around your heart and pull, threatening to drive you insane until your face pales and your eyes lose their light? You, lacking the knowledge to save yourself? It was like trying to breathe underwater. The only difference, probably, is that water does not wrap it's hands around your fucking throat like I'm doing, mmh?Â»

No answer comes from the blond, expectedly. After all, with me on top of him, knee on his stomach, while I hold his wrists together with one hand and keeping a steady hold of his neck with the other, I guess it might be a little hard for him to reply.

I'm about to mock him more, but I suddenly stop as I feel it. The light. Not Ventus' one. Being my other half, it's obvious he's full of light, since I'm just darkness.

No, what I feel is another type of light. Welcoming. Familiar. It's a light that I've felt before, I suddenly realize. And I know exactly the only light that ever felt welcoming to me. It was the light in that dream. It's the light that I felt then. The same one. Coming from within him!

It's always him. Always him getting the better things. Always him getting the friends. Getting the better Masters. Getting the light. And what do I get? Xehanorth? The Unversed? Pain?

It's not fair. It never is. When it will by turn to shine? Why do I have to carry this on my own? Why can't someone else take this darkness away?

The anger flares in me, the blood inside my veins boiling. The unwanted emotion filling my non-existent heart, itching my skin and my flesh. I see my hand become surrounded by a dark aura, and unable to control this overwhelming pain and frustration I let it out, while flinging Ventus into a nearby wall with strength. Unversed form all around us one after another, the built up frustration with the blond seemingly never ending.

When the last of the monsters spawns, relaxation fills my body. I know that once this little shits get vaporized, it'll come back ten times worse. But for now I take advantage of a calm mind.

Â«The Keyblade Graveyard.Â» I repeat, like I did earlier. Â«Not quite sure how long I can keep myself at bay. I'd _love_ to have Aqua's blood on me. Be quick, now.Â» And then I'm gone again.

X-X_X-X

Â«The X-Blade shouldn't stay broken like this. Join me now, and we can complete the X-Blade!Â» I have made it! Partially, but I have! Just a little more, and then all this suffering will finally end. I have just joined with Ventus, both of us now inside the dream I once had. The pillar is still here, my image still represented on it. But the glass now is bright like it should've probably been that time. Ventus was there, represented next to me, upside down, facing me.

This feels right. Me and him, side by side! Both halves reunited, light and darkness! That's why I'm trying to get him to unite with me! We gotta be together! Fuck the X-Blade! If I can get him to become one with me again, I won't feel pain anymore!

Â«I've got a better idea. How 'bout I destroy you both?Â»

I laugh, masking my disappointment. This time I have no visor hiding my face, features displayed for anyone to see. Luckily, I'm still a very good liar. Â«The X-Blade is made of your heart too, idiot. If you destroy it, you'll be gone forever.Â» Damn him. Then I have no other choice. This weapon is my only chance. My only hope of peace.

Â«Anything to save Terra and Aqua.Â»

I scoff, rather loudly. Â«It's always about your friends, isn't it?Â»

Â«At least I have some!Â»

That hurt. No denying it. No sense denying it. Trust the spoiled little shit to rub it in my face. Indeed, I had none. No surprise there. Who would want to be friends with an abomination beyond hopes of salvation? Congratulations, Ventus. You have something that I'll never have. Just like everything else.

Â«I've become a part of their hearts, just like they've become a part of mine.Â»

He keeps on talking, but I'm not really listening any longer. Stealing a glance at the incomplete weapon in my hand, I scowl. I want it to stop. To stop this suffering that he'll never experience.

Â«My friends are my powerâ€¦ and I'm theirs!Â»

I want some kind of peace. I deserve it, don't I? Doesn't everyone deserve it? I just want it to stop. Be it from either succeeding and uniting with Ventus, creating the X-Blade, or by becoming so numb

that I stop feeling everything altogether.

At this point, facing my other, light-filled half, I'm so close that I have to do anything I can. After all, it can end in two ways, only. It's like trying to breathe underwater. You know you'll die, because your lungs will fill with water and you will sink, like a stone, to the bottom of the barrel, where all the shit in your life lays. But, still, you attempt it anyways, your mind just refusing to let the body die without trying to do something.

Same goes for me. I'll either sink or swim. But if I don't do anything, I'll sink for sure.

Scowling again, I lunge at him.

****X-X_X-X****

Panic fills my body as the incomplete X-Blade flies out of my hand, hovering next to me. But, no matter how hard I try, I'm unable to grasp it again. Trying and trying, I finally sigh sadly as the weapon shatters. Felling myself getting heavy, I close my eyes as I start to fall towards the darkness below, no pillar to catch me this time.

Ventus actually did it. He destroyed his own heart in order to stop me. Something I would've never thought possible. He, who had friends and family and happiness, gave everything up. For what? The world? The light? What a fool.

I sank of course. No one can breathe underwater. It's impossible. Blame the panic of your own mind if you ever tried it.

At least I still managed to get what I wanted. By sinking, I became numb enough. So, at least sometimes, trying to breathe underwater is not a bad idea at all.

****O-O_O-O****

It's the first attempt at writing something like this, and I really hope that came out something even remotely good.****

Also, the thing that angers me most about this story is that I couldn't find the "Key" symbol and had to write "X-Blade" instead.****

Anyways, thank you for reading, and review if you liked.****

End
file.